

## Workers All

WE ARE workers, all and sundry, toiling at our daily chores; some are cooped in gloomy buildings, some are working out of doors; some with thews and muscles labor, some are striving with the brain, and no work that's done in earnest ever yet was done in vain. There's reward for every effort that we to our duty keep, till the whistles blow at nightfall and we journey home to sleep. Some must work for little wages, other men have coin to spare; but the first are often happy while the latter are full of care, some must rise at early morning while the others slumber late, but the gods who watch the workers in the end make all things straight. Let us therefore labor blithely, let us build and spin and reap, till the whistles blow at nightfall and we journey home to sleep. We are workers, only workers, on this swiftly whirling ball, and the Boss is keeping cases on his holpers, one and all; when we all line up for judgment on the latet final day, each according to his record will be handed out a slip. Let us labor then with spirit—let us not like sluggards creep—till the whistles blow at nightfall and we journey home to sleep.

—WALT MASON.

## Single Tax On Land Values

IT MAY NOT be generally known that El Paso has lately made an important demonstration of her own, of the plan known as the "single tax on land values." Funds for the annual maintenance and improvement of the Cloudcroft community are raised each year through assessment by the board of directors. The fund thus raised goes to pay for street and sidewalk improvement, sanitary service, police, lighting, care of the pavilion and playgrounds, fences and gates, supplies and printing, and the miscellaneous expenses of caring for the popular summer resort. The directors of course serve without compensation.

This year, all improvements were exempted from assessment. The entire assessment was placed upon the land holdings. The assessments have been paid and there has not been a single protest upon the manner of assessment, or the amount assessed.

It has always been felt by the board that the holders of vacant lands in Cloudcroft should pay their just proportion of the upkeep and improvement of the place, inasmuch as the selling and renting values of lands are constantly going up by reason of such improvements, and the increasing use of surrounding property. And it has been felt that men who went up there and erected good houses and improved their holdings were really contributing greatly to the beauty, the permanence, and the utility of the place, so that in fairness they should not be made to bear all the burden of maintaining the resort.

The directors held a number of prolonged meetings, and with accurate maps before them, and definite personal knowledge of all tracts and recent sales, they separately assessed each lot in Cloudcroft at its true value. Then they made up a budget showing the imperative needs of money for the coming season, and a rate of assessment was decided on that would produce the required amount, when based on the land values exclusively.

It so happened that every one of the directors found his own personal assessment tax raised as a result of this method of assessment, for the reason that they have located their summer homes upon tracts of land somewhat larger than the average home tract up there. Many property owners found their assessment lowered because they have good homes on moderate sized lots and heretofore would have been compelled to pay the assessment on the home building investment they had made, even though that improvement itself meant a definite and important contribution to the permanent use and beauty of Cloudcroft. Some owners of lots held purely for speculation or without any view to early improvement, found their assessments slightly increased.

The present directors are all enthusiastic Cloudcrofters and they do not object to paying a larger sum toward the upkeep of the resort. The plan has fully demonstrated its wisdom, and will probably be retained in future by successive boards. It will result in stimulating the improvement of home tracts at Cloudcroft, and the discouragement of land holding purely for speculative purposes. The plan is absolutely right and reasonable, and stands every view from a business and economic standpoint. Many of the largest cities of the United States are adopting or seeking to adopt it, and where state laws interfere, movements are under way to change them. Many provinces in British America have already widely adopted the plan, with signal success. There is no sound argument against it.

The ice man still has his innings. The coal man's day has not yet come.

## The Good Year 1914

LOCALLY, there is a distinct improvement in the feeling among business men, and a marked revival of business and confidence. Gradually building up business in new territories to compensate for the very heavy loss of Mexican trade, local merchants have strengthened themselves for the future. The many thousands of refugees from Mexico have brought about a stimulation of local retail trade, and have exhausted the supply of rental houses.

The presence of so large a body of troops in this vicinity contributes a large sum monthly to the circulating medium, and every small business gains. The Elephant Butte dam and canal construction will mean the distribution of \$100,000 to \$200,000 per month through local channels. The enlargement of the smelter will keep a small army of men at work. New public buildings, and public works are planned for this year that will mean the distribution of nearly \$1,000,000 of outside money.

Every thoughtful business man will agree that there will be more real money, and more outside money, circulating in El Paso this year, even in proportion to population, than ever before. It is a time for abounding optimism and definite progress all along the line.

El Paso, having fully demonstrated her ability to rise above the depression inevitably caused by the three years of destructive war in Mexico and the breaking off of all trade and traffic with the republic, has immeasurably strengthened herself for all time to come, and will leap into the important place she deserved in the procession of the cities.

## Paying the Price

A JAPANESE weather sharp was taunted with having gone wrong in his calculations about the earthquake, and he promptly committed harikari. He was chief of the observatory at Kagoshima, and from the reading of his instruments he had felt justified in telling the inhabitants that the center of the repeated disturbances was elsewhere. Then came the big eruption of the volcano, with the terrific destruction of whole cities, and the chief, smarting under criticism, took his own life after the manner of the samurai. If all the bad prophets in the United States went that road, there would be a lot of pompous funerals.

## One-Sentence Philosophy

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

(Chicago News.)

A thing of duty is a job forever.  
It is usually safe to judge a man by his manners.  
Jumping at conclusions is a woman's idea of physical exercise.  
You never see a girl hike for the kitchen when she wants to kill time.  
It's awfully hard to quarrel with people who won't pay any attention to you.  
Would you say of a despondent negro woman that she feels black and blue?  
The popularity of a homely girl may depend on the sun her father can write a check for.  
Don't get yourself into a hole unless you are prepared to have people look down on you.  
And lots of men are standing around without any reason to come along and drive them to drink.  
The man who is always harping about every man having his price is usually willing to sell out cheap.

## JOURNAL ENTRIES.

(Topeka Journal.)

1-n-d-u-s-t-r-y is another way to spell "good luck."  
Whisky always smells worse on the other fellow's breath.  
A man is quicker to laugh at the point of a joke that sticks in some one else.  
And the chances are that had Eve been given her choice between the apple and a hole in the back, she would have selected the glass.  
If a man recorded only his really important activities in his diary, there would be many, many blanks among its 265 pages.

## QUAKER MEDICATIONS.

(Philadelphia Record.)

None are so blind as those who are looking for trouble.  
Some people are done out of their money, and others are dunned.  
In the social scale the basso may be just as high as the tenor.  
Many a fellow feels that he has a pull, so long as there is a leg left.  
Turning over a new leaf is often just the same old leaf, with just another turn.  
A man can pocket his pride, but a woman can't pocket her pockets, generally wears hers on her sleeve.  
Scales come in mighty handy sometimes, in spite of the fact that they are always in the weigh.  
It isn't because of defective eyesight that a dollar looks bigger sometimes than at other times.  
Babbles—He reminds me of a talkative barber. Slobbs—in what way?—He is so addicted to cutting remarks.

## GLOBE SIGHTS.

(Cincinnati Globe.)

Optimism is a great institution, but don't bet your money on it.  
If your manager wanted to sell you would there be any buyers?  
The boneheads aren't all engaged in our celebrated national pastime.  
There's no use expecting some men to resist agents; they can't do it.  
Sometimes company stays so long that you don't like members of the family, and then they leave.  
A gent who has been there derives some pleasure whenever he hears of a New York restaurant failing in business.

## The Two Sisters

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water.

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Before driving away, the man darted down the number of the house. Then he smiled cynically and climbed back into his car. "Little fool," he muttered to himself for the second time within an hour.

Slowly Caryl mounted the steep stairs to her room. The house was dark and stuffy, and there was a smell of cooking in the halls. The girl sniffed disapprovingly.

"Oh how I hate it all!" she murmured as she reached the floor on which was the room occupied by Julia and herself. She drew a deep breath, and in a flash she was in the chamber. Julia was lying on her bed, and in a chair beside her was the simple form of Mrs. Holloran.

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed this latter personage as Caryl entered the room. "Julia checked my further outburst. Mrs. Holloran, the man dashed in, getting up from the bed, 'would you mind leaving me any sister alone for a little while now? Thank you very much, I am very grateful.'"

The portly landlady arose and left the room, but as she passed Caryl she gave a scornful look of which Caryl herself pretended to be entirely unconscious. Walking to the bureau she took off her veil and hat, and removed her hat and gloves before she spoke to her sister.

"What's the matter, Judy?" she asked indifferently. "Got another of your headaches?"

"Where have you been?" queried the older girl gravely, ignoring the question asked her.

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"Where have you been, Caryl?" Julia repeated slowly.

With a gesture of impatience the younger girl threw off the nervousness that had seized her for the moment on "Oh, for mercy's sake," she snapped peevishly. "Don't make that severe manner. I have been out for a walk. You note I left her—didn't you? You surely aren't angry about my going and taking tea at Mr. Delaine's—are you?"

"Don't tell me any more lies, please," Caryl said, looking at her severely. "I want to know where you have been."

"I was at Mr. Delaine's," retorted the other, looking at her many times do I have to tell you so?"

"You were not at Mr. Delaine's," Julia affirmed. "Mr. Delaine was not at home this afternoon. I saw him on the street. Furthermore, I know you did not lunch with him yesterday, and that he did not ask you to do so. You wrote me a lie today. Now tell me where you have been."

Caryl said nothing upon her sister, her cheeks flaming, her eyes flashing. "It's none of your business," she retorted. "I won't tell you where I was. It's none of your affair!"

"For a moment the two girls stood looking at each other. Caryl was flushed and stubborn, Julia was pale, but a gleam of temper was beginning to show in her dark eyes. At once, as though to end the discussion, Caryl turned back to the bureau and began rearranging her things.

"Caryl," said Julia, still firmly. "You will either tell me here and now, with whom you were today, and where you were, or I'll have to do it for you. Much chance you'll have to find out, I'm afraid, Caryl, without looking around."

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"Now what's the matter?" the younger girl queried irritably, twitching herself from her sister's grasp. "There's the smell of whiskey on your breath," Julia accused in an angry whisper. "You've been drinking." Then, in a frenzy of anxiety, she grasped the girl again by the shoulders.

"Will you tell me where you have been?" she insisted, almost fiercely. While her lips trembled and her eyes flashed.

"Let me go," Caryl ordered. "I won't tell you," Julia declared. "I won't tell you where I was. I won't tell you where you have been."

"Good heavens," cried Caryl, "what an infernal nuisance you are! You are, Julia! 'I've been for an automobile ride, if you must know. There's nothing sinful in that is there?' faltered the older girl, shaken by anger and fear. "With whom did you go?"

There was a moment of obstinate silence. Caryl stood with her face flushed and her eyes suddenly downcast. Julia, while she gazed at her fingers interlocked in a painful grip, gazed at the girl who was her all as if by her very eyes and ears she could draw her secret from her. But the look did not move the younger sister from her determination.

"I'm not going to tell you," she said after a while.

Again she turned away, but her companion detained her while she spoke slowly and solemnly.

"Caryl," she said, "you will either tell me the whole truth or I'll go straight to Mr. Delaine and find out all he knows about this matter. He, at least, will not lie to me."

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